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THE GIRL WITH THE SEALSKIN CAP.

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

Don't talk to me of summer girls,
Of mermaids splashing in the river;
Here at December's frosty gates
The more allusion makes one shiver:
But rather let me see the face
Half hid in scarf and seal-skin hood;
She now doth tell me dream of all
The True, the Beautiful, the Good.

Messengers each dove-eyed sent that morn
In mortal anguish 'neath the stroke
Of murderous Anglo-Saxon spear
Tells of a bruised heart that's broke.
But human hearts 'neath girl's wraps
Break faster far to think that they
Must weather weary wintry months
Devoid of this beloved array.

Were I a real I'd sacrifice
My life itself that I might live
Upon that haunted and radiant brow
And such delight that dear one give:
Pale ghosts of seaside merriment
Back to the shades of Lethe go!
Come on, dear girl, with seal-skin cap,
Thy bonny queen of frost and snow!

BILLY BRAG

His name was Phineas Ellsworth, but we boys at the "HX Ranch" called him "Billy Brag," for reasons which ten minutes' conversation with him would make obvious, even to a total stranger. To say that he was opinionated is drawing it very mild, and to state that the chiefest of his opinions was the particularly excellent one he held of himself, is superfluous.

Those were humdrum, monotonous days at the "HX," and there was scant opportunity for Billy to exhibit the courage, prowess, skill, ability, and so forth, which we had his own oft-repeated statements for it—he possessed to a remarkable degree.

Once in a while, something would happen to relieve the monotony; but Billy, somehow or other, was never on deck to show what he was worth. He always turned up afterward with: "Huh! you galoots jes' make me ache all over! W'y, any bloomin' tenderfoot c'd a tol' ye better'n that!" or, "That wuz a fool trick! Now, ef I'd be'n thar, I'd a did so and so—" or, "Huh! d'ye call that anythin' ter menshun? W'y, back thar, on th' Keya Paha, we used t' let th' kids an' wimmen do that kin' o' work!"

And so it went on for nearly a year, and, though we invented many a plan to give Billy an opportunity to show his worth, he managed, on one pretext and another to keep out of our snares.

One day, Cale Snelling, who was out looking up some strays, fell in with a Maverick steer feeding in a coulee, and, thinking at first that it was an "HX" critter, rode toward it. But the beast was what is known as a "bad un," and, horns down and bellowing with rage, he turned and charged on the startled cowboy. Cale tried to turn his pony and run, but the animal was green, and only reared and snorted. Cale thought he was about to take a place herding clouds; but he yanked his gun and let go, catching the steer right between the eyes, and dropping it not more than ten feet away.

Cale was a bit new in the business, and he was rather pale when he rode up to the ranch and related his experience, but there was a triumphant tone in his voice as he told of his successful shot from the back of a bucking pony.

Billy listened with a superior air. "Huh!" he remarked, disdainfully, "whadje want'er kill 'im fer? Ye c'd jes' 'z well 'creased' an' roped 'im. Some folks never hev no r'gard fer prop'ity. Waste not, want nothin'!"

We all groaned and proceeded to congratulate Cale on his luck; but Billy did not seem to care. He was getting used to our irreverence. It may be noted, however, that when we tried next morning to get Billy to take a shot at a blanket nailed on a shed-door, to see how near he could have come to "creasing" a mad steer from the back of a fool pony, our proposition met with scorn. "There ye go agin," said Billy. "What's th' blame use o' wastin' er' whole lot o' cartridges jes' t' convince er' mess o' gabblin' egots ter er' thing kin be did? Aw, gooff an' try poundin' 'em in rat-hole fer yer wits. But ye can't even do that." And he rode off much offended.

When Joe Fleming, brother of the

boss, and Hank Barr had a brush with half a dozen Indians, and just escaped with their lives, leaving a bunch of fat cattle to be run off by Uncle Sam's dear sweet proteges, Billy's opinion was at once forthcoming. "Huh! Ye mout jes' 'z saved mos' o' th' critters an' got them thievin' red cusses, too. W'y didn't ye, w'en ye seed 'em ridin' down on ye, jes' kill three 'r four critters, pile 'em up fer a barricade, an' give th' red devils reg'lar h—l? That'd ben better'n losin' th' hull bunch."

When Bob Hall, cowboy from the "3-Bar," the next ranch—one of the meanest, ugliest, most quarrelsome bullies who ever flourished a gun—got killed at the hotel in town by an unoffending tenderfoot, whom he had tried to compel to take a drink, Billy, as usual had something to say. "Huh! That's them tenderfeet all over. They think if er man tries t' hev fun with 'em out hyar, thet they've got t' shoot, an' shoot quick. Th' galoot oughter've jes' took Bob Hall b' th' scruff o' th' pants an' kicked 'r throwed 'im out, an' Bob'd've pollygized too quick. Bob Hall never had no sand."

All the same, there was an old story to the effect that once, when Billy had been unaccountably absent from the ranch for three or four days, he had been in town, devoting considerable attention to keeping out of the billigerent Mr. Hall's way.

But Billy's opportunity came one day. He had been laid up a week and was still lame as the result of being on the side next the ground when his pony stumbled and fell one day, and was sitting at the door one morning about 11:30, when the stage came along. Several of us were in the ranch-house, and were somewhat surprised to hear the wheels outside, for the stage-road was two miles from the ranch. As we crowded to the door, we saw "something was up," for Dyer, the driver, looked excited.

"Mornin', gentlemen," he said. And then, to Boss Fleming: "Fleming, I expect t' be held up over b' Five-Mile Creek. Kin one o' th' boys go with me? I'll get 'nother man at Parker's, an' I reckon three'll be 'nough."

"Why, yes; of course," was the reply. "You can have more, if you want 'em. I'll go myself. But why didn't you bring guards, if you're carrying any valuables?"

Dyer explained. The night before he had noticed three suspicious-looking characters in town, and observed that they eyed him considerably. This morning he had started early, hoping to pass all the places favorable to a "hold-up" before the three tough-looking gentlemen had time to get located. He had felt a bit backward about bringing guards, as he did not like to appear cowardly, and, besides, his suspicions might be groundless, and the laugh would be on him. There were no valuables except the mail-bags.

But the three strangers had passed him a mile back, evidently in a hurry to get somewhere; hence his visit to the "HX."

Fleming turned to get ready to go—he was not the man to send somebody else into danger—but was met at the door by Billy, "heeled" with two revolvers and a Winchester.

"Hullo, man!" ejaculated Fleming. "Didn't you hear me say I was going?"

"Don't care ef ye did," answered Billy, curtly. "Th' plenty work t' do, an' my laigs is too stiff t' straddle any blame bronco." And he climbed painfully up on to the driver's seat, and the stage rolled away, leaving us staring at each other, unable to believe our eyes.

The stage did not reach the Five-Mile, nor did it reach Parker's. At a place two miles west of the "HX," where the road traversed the edge of a bluff overhanging a deep ravine, there were three shots fired, and brave Walt Dyer and his two team-leaders fell into the road. Then there were more shots—a rattling fusillade for two or three minutes—then silence.

When we got to the scene, we saw Billy Brag lying across the body of the driver, supporting himself on one elbow, and keeping "the drop" on a man who stood holding up one arm—

the other was shattered, and hung limp. Two dead men, besides Dyer, lay in the road. The wheelers were quiet now, but their hoofs had cruelly mangled the bodies of their prostrate comrades in front.

"I knowed ye'd come, boys," said Billy, "else I'd a hed t' kill this 'un, 'stead o' savin' 'im fer a leetle necktie-party. They got Dyer, fast lick, but w'en they run up agin Phin Ellsworth, they ketch'd er h—l ov'er feller. Guess I kin die off, real peaceful, now."

But he did not die. With a ball in his leg, another traveling around somewhere on his inside, and a wound in his throat which causes his voice to tread in a ludicrous way, he still lives and brags of this very exploit.

They Followed Copy.

In the days when merchant vessels came home redolent of spices and loaded to the brim with silks and china, a certain family, described by Miss Leslie in her "Pencil Sketches," determined to send beyond seas for a dinner service which should outshine in beauty everything thus far seen on this side of the Atlantic. Original designs of fruit and flowers, arranged in the form of a wreath, had been made for it by a skillful artist, and the sea-captain who undertook the commission was charged to spare no money or pains in having it properly carried out.

Spring returned, and there was much watching of the vanes by this particular family, and the ship-news furnished the most interesting column of the daily papers. At length the long-expected vessel arrived, and when she had cast anchor, the ladies of the family could scarcely refrain from walking down to the wharf, to see the ship that held the box that held the china.

Invitations were at once sent out for a long-projected dinner-party, at which the new porcelain could be displayed.

The box was landed, and conveyed to the house. The whole family were present at the opening, which was performed by Mr. A— himself, while the servants peeped in at the door.

As soon as a part of the lid was split off, and a handful of straw removed, a pile of plates appeared, wrapped carefully in paper. Each of the family snatched up a plate, and hastily tore off the covering. There were the flowers, glowing in beautiful colors, the gold star and golden A, admirably executed. But under the gold star, on every plate, dish and tureen, were the words, "This is the middle!"

The literal and exact Chinese workman had copied this direction minutely from a very crooked line which Mr. A— had hastily scrawled on the pattern with a very bad pen, and of course, without the slightest thought of finding it inserted verbatim beneath the central ornament.

Mr. A— laughed, his wife cried, the servants giggled, and the daughter cried first, and laughed afterward.

The only silver lining to the cloud was the fact that t' creature Mr. A— always had something amusing to tell his guests at a dinner-party.

A Wonderful Marianna Man.

Marianna, Fla., is talking about a wonderful man in their midst. His name is Ebenezer Long, and he was born black, sixty years ago. "He is now perfectly fair, except a few dark spots that may be discovered by looking at him closely. His children are as dark as he was in his youth, while his now seems to be of the whitest of skins. When he was about twenty-eight years old the change began to appear at one place on his arms and then spread over the body. Ebenezer is quite healthy and looks ten years younger than he is." But Georgia enters a claim on him on the ground that it is his birthplace.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It must make the Czar of Russia turn green with envy when he reads of the puissant American walking delegate.

The monarch of Greece has a fat situation, as a matter of course.

A Flying Dutchman.

The man who boasts the loudest does not always show best under fire, writes Col. McDowell to the Youth's Companion. This truth was laughably illustrated to us one day when we were encamped in New Mexico, hourly expecting an engagement with the Indians. Among the veteran Indian-fighters in our camp was Sergeant Shulter, who astonished us youngsters—I was but 20 years old then—by thrilling accounts of his daring achievements. From his talk one would have thought him equal to the task of patting a whole band of painted warriors to flight, single-handed.

My company had camped near the banks of a small brook. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. Some of the men went in bathing, some mended their clothes, while others overhauled their guns. Strung out at a distance from the camp were a few pickets. The horses were given a chance to graze, tethered with long lariats fastened to iron pins driven into the ground.

Suddenly there came a cry of "Indians! Indians!" The men rushed in from all directions, and for a few moments wild confusion reigned. In the midst of it all we heard a series of spasmodic yells, and, turning toward the sound, beheld the fat sergeant, the bold, fearless hero of countless Indian encounters, capless, coatless, running as fast as he could toward his horse, and blowing and puffing with the exertion.

Without stopping for bridle or saddle, he scrambled upon the horse's back, seized its mane and dug his spurs into the beast's sides with all his might. Excited by the pain thus inflicted, the horse plunged forward with a sudden bound and set off at a mad gallop.

In half a minute the animal reached the end of its tether and was brought to a standstill with a tremendous jerk. And Sergeant Shulter? I verily think he was thrown forty feet over his horse's head. He came down with a thump that could be heard throughout the camp, and it was a wonder that every bone in his body was not broken.

Despite the supposed seriousness of the moment, every man of us stood still and laughed at the ludicrous spectacle. Poor fellow! His terror of the Indians had made him forget that his horse was tethered. He wasn't much hurt; and the cry of Indians turned out to be a false alarm caused by the approach of a few friendly Pawnees. Sergeant Shulter was ever after called the "flying Dutchman," a title which he did not relish.

Teach the Boys.

A well-known man, the monument of whose exceptional ability as a financier is the great dry goods establishment of which he is the head, contented that a discussion of the subject from his standpoint would serve no good end, since every merchant was an individual, and for every individual there would have to be a different prescription, adapted to personal temperament, mental capacity and the material circumstances. What would be good for one might be poison for another.

He suggested that the way to make good business men, who would know how to acquire a surplus to dispose of, whether or not to invest in stocks, how much money to keep on hand and how to guard against stringency in the money market, was to give more attention to the morals of the boys who were starting in business. He wished it could be shown to them how they were wasting their opportunities, how they were stultifying their manly spirit, how they were wrecking their chances for future prosperity when they indulge in games of chance, pool playing, gambling, and other vicious practices that rob them of their night's rest and fill their minds in the day time to the exclusion of the business with which they are intrusted. Successful business men, he insisted, could, in the majority of instances, take care of their finances fairly well, but it is the next generation of business men that needs to be cultivated with greater care.

At the College of Vannes.

The French college or academy of Vannes was attended by poor students who came from the neighboring villages, and lodged in garrets or little bedrooms which they hired in the town. They went home for the Sunday, and usually brought back bread enough to last them through the week. When they had a little pocket money they bought soup or a bit of beef of the woman in whose house they lodged. In his "Nouveaux Memoires des Autres," Jules Simon relates how he earned his college expenses, which by the aid of a scholarship were reduced to about \$50.

I never had any pocket money, but I do not remember once regretting it. Even the indispensable \$50 were not easy to get.

Happily for me, it was customary for upper class students to tutor beginners, giving a daily lesson for three francs a month. I had classes from 6:30 to 8 in the morning, and from 6 to 7 in the evening. Every evening in the winter I went to my class, lantern in hand, but poorly protected against the rain by my calico shirt.

After all I did not earn enough to pay my entire debt to my landlady. She was a kind-hearted woman, and urged me not to think of it, but I was terribly unhappy about it.

At commencement I took all the first prizes, and the committee made me a present of \$40, so that I suddenly found myself rich. I paid my debt, bought a cloth coat and some shoes, and allowed myself the luxury of new text-books in place of my ragged second-hand ones.

In 1872, when as minister of public instruction I was receiving the faculty of the University of Paris, a gentleman whose familiar face I had been trying in vain to place, was presented to me by M. Mourier, who said: "Here is M. du Pontavice, to whom you gave lessons at Vannes."

"For three francs a month!" I cried, and greeted him with delight. I do not count those years at Vannes among the hard ones of my life, though certainly we students were not too uncomfortable. In the school room benches ran along the walls, there were no desks, and we wrote on our knees.

There was no fire. Sometimes our fingers were so cold that we could not hold our pens. Occasionally the teacher struck three blows on his desk. Then we jumped up, shouted at the top of our voices, seized each other by the hand and danced in a ring around a post. At the end of a quarter of an hour three taps on the desk recalled us to our work. It was an economical, and I believe, a healthful way of keeping warm.

Mysterious Emin Pasha.

The movements of Emin Pasha have again become a mystery and a subject of general comment in Europe. Emin started on his present expedition in April of last year, and since that time he is known to have occupied Tabora, the headquarters of the Arabs in Central Africa, and to have raised over it the German flag, and also to have built a German town on the River Kagera, which divides English and German territory. There the German Government attempted to recall him, but whether he received the order is not known. He certainly did not heed it; but pushed straight on into English territory, and when last heard from, in May of this year, he was in the neighborhood of Lake Albert Edward. There is a report that he intends to push on and recapture Khartoum. This, however, seems rather improbable. But there is a touch of pleasing romance about the suggestion of Gordon's fall being avenged by Gordon's old friend and lieutenant.

A Poet.

"ceder—Do you know, my friend, that I enjoy nothing in literature as much as Poe's works."

Chisel—In literature? Instatuary, you mean!

"In statuary? What are you talking of? What has statuary to do with Poe's works?"

"Everything, old boy! What is statuary but pose works."

QUEER RESULTS.

Some Very Odd Facts About the Numerals Three and Seven.

John W. Kirk, the white-haired veteran who was with Morse when the first working telegraph line was stretched and who stood beside the great inventor when the first message was transmitted from Annapolis Junction to Washington, has made during his life a great many interesting calculations in numbers, says the Boston Transcript. The two most remarkable numbers in the world are 3 and 7.

"The numeral seven," says Mr. Kirk, "the Arabians got from India, and all following have taken it from the Arabians. It is conspicuous in biblical lore, being mentioned over 300 times in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. It seems a favorite numeral with the divine mind, outside as well as inside the Bible, as nature demonstrates in many ways, and all the other numerals bow to it. There is also another divine favorite, the number three, the trinity. This is brought out by a combination of figures that is somewhat remarkable. It is the six figures 142,857.

"Multiply this by 2, the answer is 285,714.

"Multiply this by 3, the answer is 428,571.

"Multiply this by 4, the answer is 571,428.

"Multiply this by 5, the answer is 714,285.

"Multiply this by 6, the answer is 857,142.

"Each answer contains the same figures as the original sum, and no others, and three of the figures of the sum remain together in each answer, thus showing that figures preserve the trinity.

"Thus 285 appears in the first and second numbers, 571 in the second and third, 428 in the third and fourth, and 142 in the fourth and fifth.

"It is also interesting to note that taking out of any two of these sums the group of three common to both, the other three, read in the usual order, from left to right, will also be in the same order in both sums.

"Take the first and second sums, for example. The group of 285 is common to both. Having read 285 out of the second sum, read right along and bring in the first of the thousand last. It will read 714. All the others will read in the same way.

"Again, note that the two groups of three in the first sum are the same as the two groups of three in the fourth reversed in order, and that the same thing is true of the second and third. The last multiplication has its groups of threes the same as those of the original number, reversed again.

"Examine these results again, and you will see that in these calculations all the numerals have appeared save the 9. Now multiply the original sum by the mighty 7—the divine favorite of the Bible and of creation—and behold the answer! The last of the numerals, and that one only in groups of three—again the trinity! 142,857

7

999,999

"No other combination of numbers will produce the same results. Does not this show the Imperial multipotent numeral 7 and its divinity?"

Georgia's Model Town.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks Ellaville, in Schley County, deserves to rank as the model town of Georgia. It says: "There is not a young man in Ellaville who gets drunk. There is not a young lady in the place who dips snuff or indulges in other bad habits. There is not a family in the place who lives by buying on credit and beating the merchant out of his bill. There is not a bar-room in the place; not a pool or billiard-room; not a gambling house; not a disreputable house of any kind; not a loafer; not a gambler; not a professional thief; not a bully; not a beggar."

You can't tell anything about a man by his tombstone.